Poetry

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By SnowAngel

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Chapter 1

Invictus - W. E. Henley

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,

Black as the Pit from pole to pole,

I thank whatever gods may be

For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced nor cried aloud.

Under the bludgeonings of chance

My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the Horror of the shade,

And yet the menace of the years

Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll

I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

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A.N.:

This is one of my favourite poems, it was first published in 1875. The title is Latin for 'unconquered'

grts SnowAngel

Chapter 2

Faity-Land - E.A. Poe

Faity-Land

Dim vales - and shadowy floods -

And cloudy-looking woods,

Whose forms we can't discover

For the tears that drip all over!

Huge moons there wax and wane -

Again - again - again -

Every moment of the night -

Forever changing places -

And they put out the star-light

With the breath from their pale faces.

About twelve by the moon-dial,

One more filmy than the rest

(A kind which, upon trial,

They have found to be the best)

Comes down - still down - and down,

With its centre on the crown

Of a mountain's eminence,

While its wide circumference

In easy drapery falls

Over hamlets, over halls,

Wherever they may be -

O'er the strange woods - o'er the sea -

Over spirits on the wing -

Over every drowsy thing -

And buries them up quite

In a labyrinth of light -

And then, how deep! - O, deep!

Is the passion of their sleep.

In the morning they arise,

And their moony covering

Is soaring in the skies,

With the tempests as they toss,

Like - almost anything -

Or a yellow Albatross.

They use that moon no more

For the same end as before -

Videlicet, a tent -

Which I think extravagant:

Its atomies, however,

Into a shower dissever,

Of which those butterflies

Of Earth, who seek the skies,

And so come down again,

(Never-contented things!)

Have brought a specimen

Upon their quivering wings.

-Edgar Allan Poe (1829)-

Chapter 3

We Wear the Mask - P. L. Dunbar

We Wear the Mask

WE wear the mask that grins and lies,

It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,-

This debt we pay to human guile;

With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,

And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,

In counting all our tears and sighs?

Nay, let them only see us, while

We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries

To thee from tortured souls arise.

We sing, but oh the clay is vile

Beneath our feet, and long the mile;

But let the world dream otherwise,

We wear the mask!

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Chapter 4

The Mask - I. Libert

The Mask

I take the mask,

and put it on.

I take my

shield and sword.

That were given to me,

by those without a name.

I step forwards,

on the stage of life.

And act the play,

that was written,

especially for me.

Without knowing the story,

without knowing my lines.

Without knowing,

nor the beginning,

nor the ending.

A poem by I. Libert (August 2008)

Chapter 5

The Past, the Future and Now - I. Libert

The Past, the Future and Now

The Past are our memories

The Future are our dreams

Now is that what is.

If the Past is really past .

Why do we keep our memories

so close?

And if the Future is so unsure.

Why do we still hope for our dreams

to come true?

And if Now is that what is.

Is their (then) still place

for memories and dreams?

Is the memory worth to be remembered?

And is the dream worth to be hoped for?

But if none of those are worth it;

Then that means, Now isn't worth Now!

And that's a really sad thought!

Don't you think?

A poem by I. Libert (August 2008)

About the Author

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